

## A NEW MURDER CLEW

More Information Received in Re-  
gard to the Murder of Thomas  
Mills, Which Will Lead to Another  
Arrest—Officers are Noncommittal  
on the Subject.

## A STRAP FURNISHES NEW CLEW

SPENCER, Ind., Feb. 10.—Infor-  
mation upon which another arrest  
will be made in connection with the  
murder of Thomas Mills near Quincy  
has been obtained by Spencer of-  
ficials who visited the scene of the  
crime today. What this informa-  
tion is and whom it implicates  
Deputy Sheriff Cassidy and Chief of  
Police Jones refuse to divulge.

It was reported here early today  
that papers thought to have come  
from the pockets of the murdered  
man had been found near the tracks  
of the Monon Railroad. It was  
this report that sent the deputy  
sheriff and the police chief to Quincy.

Attorneys for Emory Cassel of In-  
dianapolis, who yesterday was  
brought to Spencer by Sheriff Slin-  
hard and Deputy Sheriff Cassidy,  
charged with murdering Mills, and  
who later was taken to the Marion  
County Jail to forestall any possibi-  
lity of mob violence, have waived  
preliminary examination, and the  
case will be presented to the Owen  
County Grand Jury at the next term  
of court, March 23.

Coroner Chenoweth came to  
Spencer today to file his report to  
the case, which included the testi-  
mony of the witnesses examined at  
the inquest. In addition to the

money in the undisturbed pocket-  
book in Mills's pocket the coroner  
found seven promissory notes,  
ranging in amounts from \$25 to  
\$1,000.

## STRAP FURNISHES CLEW

MARTINSVILLE, Ind., Feb. 10.—  
Deputy Sheriff Ora Cassidy of Owen  
County arrived here at 9:30 to-  
night and was in consultation with  
Sheriff Bain and Prosecuting At-  
torney H. L. Moss regarding a new  
clew in the Mills murder. Mr. Cas-  
sady found a young man three miles  
south of Quincy who had in his pos-  
session a small strap, on which was  
the name of Abe Bryant, the man  
with whom Mills made his home.  
It had been fastened around a bun-  
dle of papers carried by Mills. The  
young man told several different  
stories about where he found the  
strap. The local officers will accom-  
pany Deputy Sheriff Cassidy to  
Quincy tomorrow morning and in-  
vestigate the matter.

## SUSPECT FORMERLY LIVED HERE

It is stated on good authority that  
the new clew mentioned in the  
above story will probably lead to  
the arrest of a former Greencastle  
man who now is living in the vicini-  
ty of where the crime was com-  
mitted. The officers will not commit  
themselves but it is pretty commonly  
rumored that the man referred to  
as the new suspect in the case  
formerly lived in Greencastle.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Ingram, of Ter-  
re Haute, who have been visiting  
Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Williams on  
west Hanna street have returned  
home.

Laurant Seat Sale at Langdon's  
Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

## REPUBLICANS SET A DATE

Joint Senatorial Convention Will Be  
Held in Indianapolis on April 16.  
Three Counties Now Make Up the  
District—They Are Morgan, Put-  
nam and Marion.

## TOM MOORE TO BE CANDIDATE

Chairman Charley Zeis of the  
Republican county committee went  
to Indianapolis yesterday to meet  
representatives of the Republican  
party from Morgan and Marion  
counties to set a date for the Joint  
Senatorial convention. The conven-  
tion will be held in Indianapolis on  
April 16.

Since the last election the Joint  
Senatorial district has been changed.  
Putnam formerly was linked with  
Montgomery county but during the  
last state legislature the district was  
changed. Thomas T. Moore of  
this city was elected Joint Senator  
at the last election in the old dis-  
trict.

Mr. Moore will again be a candi-  
date for the office but this time he  
will have to look to Morgan and  
Marion counties for his support in-  
stead of Montgomery. Mr. Moore  
was spoken of in connection with  
the district Congressional race but  
was wise enough to stay out of it  
when he saw that things were fixed  
up for Howard Maxwell and that he  
had no show for his "white ally."  
He believed at that time too that  
his candidacy for renomination for  
Joint Senator would have no opposi-  
tion but since then several other  
candidates have been mentioned and  
Mr. Moore may not have as smooth  
sailing as he at first anticipated.

## SUIT FOR DIVORCE

This morning in circuit court  
Mary J. Storm applied for a  
divorce from Alfred M. Storm. The  
complaint alleges that the separa-  
tion is demanded on the grounds of  
cruelty and habitual drunkenness.  
The plaintiff desires absolute divorce  
and the restoration of her former  
name of Mary Kesterson. Jackson  
Boyd is attorney for the plaintiff.

Laurant Seat Sale at Langdon's  
Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

## LAURANT!

## Auspices Of Senior Class

Thursday

Night

Feb.

13

1908.

Meharry Hall

8:15

SEATS 50c

## HARD WEEK FOR QUINTET

The Baker university basketball  
team accompanied by Manager Allen  
and Prof. Yoxall its referee, will  
reach Greencastle today for a little  
rest and practice before meeting the  
varisty Wednesday evening. The  
Baker men come undefeated so far  
this season and DePauw people can  
expect a fast game tomorrow.

The Kansas five is on a ten days'  
trip through Missouri, Indiana and  
Illinois and is meeting such fast ag-  
gregations as Missouri University,  
Notre Dame and Central Y. M. C. A.  
of Chicago. The team is bidding for  
championship honors and is confi-  
dent of returning west with its rec-  
ord clear. The visitors will see the  
Indiana-DePauw contest tonight and  
be prepared to meet the old gold to-  
morrow.

The Wednesday game with Baker  
University is attracting much inter-  
est here, both on account of the close  
connection of the two schools and  
the record of the Baker team. They  
claim the Western championship and  
their number of victories substan-  
tiates their claim. They have defeat-  
ed the fast team from Nome, Alaska,  
the Muscatine, Iowa, five and the  
Haskell Indians. Last season they  
succeeded in overcoming all their  
opponents, among them being Kan-  
sas University, the Kansas City Ath-  
letic Club and the Chicago Crescents.  
Some of the members of the team  
have the reputation of being the  
fastest men in the West.

The home team took its last prac-  
tice Monday morning before the se-  
ries of games for the week. The  
coach was well satisfied with the  
showing made in practice, but he  
and the whole team realize that De-  
Pauw is playing the three hard  
games of the year and must put up  
its best work.

Indiana will be on the floor to-  
night and looks good after defeating  
Purdue last Friday, but it is not ex-  
pected that the DePauw score at  
Bloomington will be duplicated. The  
game begins at 7:30. DePauw will  
lineup: Sheets and Johnson, for-  
wards; Pruitt, center; Grady and  
Hodges, guards.

## G. C. DUY DIES SUDDENLY

Mrs. Solomon Claypool received  
word yesterday of the death of  
George C. Duy at Cincinnati yester-  
day, following a stroke of paralysis  
on Sunday. Mr. Duy lived in Indian-  
apolis a number of years, and was  
connected with the Indiana Banking  
Company, and was identified with  
the Episcopal Church. Mr. Duy  
married the only daughter of the  
late Judge F. D. Gookins. Funeral  
and burial will take place Wednes-  
day afternoon in Terre Haute, Ind.  
He was 78 years of age.—Indianapo-  
lis Star.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwy formerly lived  
in Greencastle—During their last  
residence here they lived in the  
house now occupied by Dick Crouch  
on east Seminary street. Both had  
many friends here.

## THE SIMPSON TRIAL IS ON

MUCH TALKED OF CASE SO  
MANY TIMES CONTINUED AT  
LAST BROUGHT BEFORE A  
PUTNAM COUNTY JURY.

## JUDGE JAMES CLARKE, DANVILLE

Will Be the Special Judge Appointed  
by Judge Rawley to Conduct the  
Case. Jury Quickly Chosen.

Those who wagered that the  
Simpson case would never come to  
trial again, were surprised this  
morning when the case was begun.  
Those who had held to the opinion  
that the trial would occur this time,  
had an opportunity to cry "I told  
you so," in the ears of the doubters.  
Judge James A. Clark, of Dan-  
ville, Hendricks county, has been  
appointed by Judge Rawley to try  
the case. Judge Clark is a lawyer  
of experience and ability, and a  
judge in whom both parties to the  
case have the utmost confidence.

The defense is represented by  
Col. C. C. Matson, and John P. Allee  
of Greencastle, and George A.  
Knight, of Brazil. The State is  
represented by J. P. Hughes, Prosec-  
uting Attorney, C. G. Scofield, As-  
sistant Prosecuting Attorney, and by  
S. A. Hays as special counsel.

One of the first moves made by  
the defense was to file a motion to  
vacate the order of last term of the  
court appointing S. A. Hays to as-  
sist in the prosecution. The motion  
was overruled by Judge Clark.

The trial began at 9:30 o'clock,  
and most of the morning was given  
over to the selection of a jury. A  
special venire of twenty-five men  
had been summoned to serve the  
case. Practically the entire special  
venire was exhausted, and two men  
from the regular panel found places.  
The jury was passed by both sides  
at 2 o'clock. Several of the jury-  
men, however, pleaded to be excus-  
ed on the grounds of business and  
other engagements. In some in-  
stances Judge Clark made special  
arrangement whereby the jurymen  
could go to his home at night.  
Robert Crow, who stated that his  
aged mother was sick and in need  
of his services, was excused. The  
jury as finally selected consists of  
H. O. Batman, Harvey Raines,  
Frank Goss, George Lewis, Daniel  
Elliot, Henry Heber, O. F. Bartlett,  
J. E. Mathews, Oliver Houck, Lefe  
McCoy, Emory Collins, George  
Piercy.

The jury was sworn in at 2:30,  
and the attorneys instructed to pro-  
ceed with the trial. After a short  
intermission, S. A. Hays, on the  
part of the state began the opening  
address to the jury.

Simpson is a Clay county man and  
is charged with forgery.

## THE ELKS TO ENTERTAIN

The following invitations have  
been issued: Come and enjoy the  
"Leap Year" Dance to be given in  
our lodge rooms on Wednesday  
evening next, February 12th, by our  
wives, mothers, sisters and sweet-  
hearts.

Laurant Seat Sale at Langdon's  
Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

## ADDITIONAL PERSONAL

Laurant Seat Sale at Langdon's  
Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.  
John Quinslisk is visiting friends  
in Crawfordsville.

Fred Goodwin returned from the  
West this afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Peck have re-  
turned from Terre Haute.

Milt Brothers, of Bainbridge,  
spent the afternoon in the city.

D. L. Vandament transacted busi-  
ness in Roachdale this afternoon.

Grover Gough has returned to  
Roachdale, after a short visit here.  
Stanley Chastain, of Roachdale,  
was in the city this afternoon on  
business.

Miss Blanche Woody has returned  
to Crawfordsville, after a visit with  
home folks.

Mrs. Tyra Masten and daughter  
have returned to Coatsville, after a  
short visit here.

Walter Shannon, of Bloomington,  
is visiting his brother, John Shan-  
non, in the city.

Mrs. Albert Stoner, of Farmers-  
burg, Ind., is visiting her father,  
W. L. Torr, here.

Mrs. Sue Hanson and children, of  
Edgar Co., Illinois, were in the city  
this afternoon enroute to Spencer,  
where they will make their future  
home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hamilton en-  
tertained Dr. J. S. Hoagland, Mr.  
and Mrs. J. G. Dunbar, Mrs. Lizzie  
Hamilton, Edward Hamilton and  
Miss Frances Crow for dinner yester-  
day evening.

## ARE AGAIN EXCAVATING

G. B. Parker, who has the con-  
tract for the excavation for the col-  
lege library building, was able to  
put a force of men at work this  
morning for the first time since the  
blizzard of a week ago Saturday.  
No teams were at work, but shovel-  
ers were busy at the trenches. A  
considerable part of the ground  
covered by the library will not be  
excavated. The foundation walls  
will be set in trenches, and these  
trenches are now being dug. Mr.  
Parker expects soon to finish that  
part of the work.

Laurant Seat Sale at Langdon's  
Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

## FOR BIG RED MEN MEETING

Local Lodge Planning to Entertain  
District Gathering about April 26  
Will be two Sessions—Planning  
Entertainment for the Guests.

## EXPECT 1,500 VISITORS HERE

At the meeting of the Red Men in  
their hall last night the subject of  
the District Red Men's District Con-  
vention which will be held here on  
April, 26 was taken up. The busi-  
ness transacted last night in connec-  
tion with the convention was only the  
preliminary steps. No definite  
arrangements have been made.

The district boundaries are Craw-  
fordsville on the north, Bloom-  
ington of the south, Indianapolis on  
the east and Terre Haute on the  
west. At least 1500 guests it is ex-  
pected will be here for the meeting.  
One of the important things the  
local lodge will have to attend to  
is the entertainment of these guests.  
There will be two sessions of the  
convention. One in the afternoon  
and one in the evening.

## FRANK DONNER IS CHOSEN

At a meeting of the city council  
held in the council chamber at the  
Fire Department last night, Frank  
Donner was elected to serve the un-  
expired term of Charley Zeis, who  
lately resigned from the council. All  
three of the Republican members of  
the council voted for Mr. Donner on  
the first ballot. The two Democratic  
members of the body voted for Isaac  
Peck.

Laurant Seat Sale at Langdon's  
Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

## New Circulating Library

Containing the latest books of  
Fiction and all new books of  
Fiction as they are issued.

I want your membership.

S. C. Sayers  
Phone 388

## Bad Weather

Last week prevented some of our cus-  
tomers availing themselves of our reduction  
sale. By request we continue the sale this  
week. Remember we are giving

**25 Per Cent Off**

On All China, Vases, Decorated  
and Hanging Lamps, for cash only.

**JONES' DRUG STORE**

## Sacrificing The Men's Suits and Overcoats

The time has come when we must bid good-by to all suits and overcoats.  
Owing to trade conditions we have more than the usual amount of stock  
—which makes your choice of styles and material better than usual.

Our January sales met with great success and yet in the men's clothing it  
was not as great as we had hoped at the reduction of 1/4 off—and

To further reduce the stock of men's suits and overcoats we offer this stock  
of up-to-date suits and overcoats at

**1/3 OFF the Regular Price**

TO-WIT:

Men's regular \$6.00 Suits,	1/3 off.....	\$4.00
Men's regular 8.00 Suits,	1/3 off.....	5.33
Men's regular 10.00 Suits,	1/3 off.....	6.67
Men's regular 12.50 Suits,	1/3 off.....	9.33
Men's regular 15.00 Suits,	1/3 off.....	10.00
Men's regular 18.00 Suits,	1/3 off.....	12.00
Men's regular 20.00 Suits,	1/3 off.....	13.33
Men's regular 25.00 Suits,	1/3 off.....	16.67
Men's regular 30.00 Suits,	1/3 off.....	20.00

These extraordinary low prices are on this season's newest  
styles of the Best Clothing sold in Putnam county—  
And we would like to prove it to you.

It costs you nothing to look.

**ALLEN BROTHERS**

## Natty New Spring Garments

For the women. Our line of spring suits is here. They are the acme of style and  
quality. All who have seen them pronounce the line the "swellest" ever shown in Green-  
castle. The fact is that they are the most up-to-date and most stylish that can be bought.  
All the popular blue and greys that please the women then these suits are well made.  
Best value in every one of them.

**VERMILION'S**

We will be pleased to show you.



## The Greencastle Herald

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### THE WAY WE HAVE IN PUTNAM.

It is a source of satisfaction to the people of Putnam county, when they read of the troubles of other counties over bonds and roads, to remember that we have been blessed with county officials of such acumen and skill that county and township bonds have passed without a question. Not only that, the county has been so managed that there was no vast indebtedness resting upon it, and when bonds were called for there was nothing to prevent their sale. In Monroe county, on the other hand, when bonds were offered for sale covering the construction of the new court house, it was discovered that the county was so far in debt that the new bonds ran the amount over the debt limit, and several thousand of the issue could not be sold. So, too, Owen county, after much trouble with township road bonds must needs come to Putnam to look over our records and learn at first hand the legal and correct way of handling such matters. The county officials of Putnam are to be congratulated on their management of affairs.

### WHEATON.

Walker Sydens is preparing to move to Roachdale this week.

Mr. Abner Field and wife called on L. S. Worrell Saturday night.

Mrs. George Davenport had a paralytic stroke Monday while washing, which leaves her without the use of one side. She is suffering severely from the attack.

Mr. William Dean, who has an attack of pneumonia is improving. T. Cox is very poorly with lung fever.

Mrs. Daisy Jeffries is sick with some thing like lung fever.

Mr. Sam Dodd, wife and Mr. John Dodd attended meeting at Roachdale Sunday.

Mrs. Margaret Henson is on the sick list.

Mrs. Johnie Spencer and children are visiting W. F. Sydens.

Mrs. Amos and son visited at John Moreland's Sunday.

Mrs. Hattie Hendricke is visiting her father, J. R. Cox, who is sick.

### The Jumping Off Place.

"Consumption had me in its grasp, and I had almost reached the jumping off place when I was advised to try Dr. King's New Discovery; and I want to say right now, it saved my life. Improvement began with the first bottle, and after taking one dozen bottles I was a well and happy man again," says George Moore, of Grimesland, N. C. As a remedy for coughs and colds and healer of weak, sore lungs and for preventing pneumonia New Discovery is supreme. 50c and \$1.00 at The Owl Drug Store. trial bottle free.

### BLOWVILLE.

We are having lots of winter now. Ice harvest is now the order of the day.

Mrs. Dave Scott is no better at this writing.

There is lots of grip in our corner. W. D. Tabor and L. S. McCamrack put up ice last week.

Asbury McCamrack and Hurshel Rodgers traded horses one day last week.

William Finney visited at Sterling McCamrack's Sunday.

Mrs. Cora McCamrack, Mrs. Lula Cochenour, Mrs. Monte Pritchard and Mrs. Frankie McAvoy visited at Dave Scott's Monday.

### Neighborhood Favorite.

Mrs. E. D. Charles, of Harbor, Maine, speaking of Electric Bitters, says: "It is a neighborhood favorite here with us." It deserves to be a favorite everywhere. It gives quick relief in dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney derangement, malnutrition, nervousness, weakness, and general debility. Its actions on the blood, as a through purifier makes it especially useful as a spring medicine. This grand alterative tonic is sold under guarantee at The Owl Drug Store. 50c.

Help! Help! The Senior Class of DePauw.

## AN OLD SALEM STRATEGIST.

The Cruise of the Rajah and a Corner in Wild Pepper.

Evidently Americans were hustlers and strategists of commerce from the beginning, for witness a good story of fact as told by Ralph D. Paine in the Outing Magazine:

"In 1793 Captain Jonathan Carnes of Salem was looking for trade along the Sumatra coast. Touching at the port of Benecool, he happened to learn that wild pepper might be found along the northwest coast of Sumatra. The Dutch East India company was not as alert as this solitary Yankee shipmaster roaming along strange and hostile coasts.

"Captain Carnes kept his knowledge to himself, completed his voyage to Salem and there whispered it to a merchant, Jonathan Peete, that as soon as possible a secret pepper expedition should be fitted out. Mr. Peete ordered a fast schooner built. She was called the Rajah and carried four guns and ten men. There was much gossiping speculation about her destination, but Captain Carnes had nothing at all to say. In November, 1795, he cleared for Sumatra, and not a soul in Salem except his owner and himself knew whether he was bound. Her cargo consisted of brandy, gin, iron, tobacco and dried fish to be bartered for wild pepper.

"For eighteen months no word returned from the Rajah and her mysterious quest. Captain Carnes might have been wrecked on coasts whereof he had no charts, or he might have been slain by hostile natives, but Jonathan Peete, having risked his stake as a Salem merchant, was wont to do, busied himself with other affairs and pinned his faith to the proved sagacity and pluck of Jonathan Carnes.

"At last a string of signal flags fluttered from a station at the harbor mouth. Jonathan Peete reached for his spyglass and saw a schooner's top-sails lifting from seaward. The Rajah had come home, and when she let go her anchor in Salem harbor Captain Jonathan Carnes brought word ashore that he had secured a cargo of wild pepper in bulk which would return a profit of at least 700 per cent on the total cost of vessel and voyage.

"In other words, this one adventure of the Rajah realized what amounted to a comfortable fortune in that generation.

"There was great excitement among the other Salem merchants. They flocked to his desks to discuss this pepper bonanza, but Captain Jonathan Carnes had nothing to say, and Jonathan Peete was as dumb as a Salem harbor clam. The Rajah was at once refitted for a second Sumatra voyage, and in their eagerness to fathom her dazling secret several rival merchants hastily made vessels ready for sea with orders to go to that coast as fast as canvas could carry them and endeavor to find out where Captain Carnes found his wild pepper. They hurried to Benecool, but were unsuccessful and had to proceed to India to fill their holds with whatever cargoes came to hand. Meanwhile the Rajah slipped away for a second pepper voyage and returned with 150,000 pounds of the precious commodity."

### The Tears He Shed.

"Over in Illinois when I was a boy," said a congressman from the state to a reporter, "there was a lawyer named Hathaway, who lived in my native town and who had something the matter with his eyes. I think the doctors said his lachrymal glands were weak. Anyway, he was always wiping his eyes. Sometimes it was amusing in court to see him bring out his big red handkerchief and wipe his eyes when he was talking to the court upon some dry legal proposition. You know you rather expect a lawyer to do it before a jury in criminal practice. Well, they used to tell this story on Hathaway: One day a woman came into his office to consult with him regarding the beginning of a suit for divorce from her husband. She related how she had been abused and told a story of suffering. Just at this point Hathaway reached for his handkerchief and wiped his eyes. His client, who was of a sympathetic nature, sought to stay his arm and said:

"Don't cry, Mr. Hathaway; don't cry." Hathaway was sensitive regarding his infirmity, but he always laughed heartily when the story was told in his presence."—Washington Star.

### Well Placed.

There had never been any difficulty about securing Mrs. Homer Clay Washington of Maple court when one more woman was needed for washing or scrubbing, so that when two postal cards failed to bring her to the Morse residence one winter Mrs. Morse went to see what could be the trouble.

She found Mrs. Washington, evidently in the best of health, entertaining two of her neighbors and was welcomed most cordially.

"I suddenly is pow'ful glad to see yo', Mis' Morse," said the hostess, "an' I be fambly all to'able well dis winter."

"Not as well as we should be if you had come to help us out," said Mrs. Morse. "Why didn't you come when I wrote you? We thought you must be ill."

"No, indeed, Mis' Morse," and the black head tilted airily; "I's enjoyin' de best ob health, an' de charity society done 'stablish a bread, soup an' coal fund up at de corner, so none ob us ladies in de co't has to work dis rheumy time ob yeah."

"You heah folks talkin' bout de harm society does, but us ladies ob Maple co't is right ready to stan' up fo' it any time now."—Youth's Companion.

## A PAIR OF FIRE EATERS

The Principals In the Longest Duel on Record.

IT LASTED NINETEEN YEARS.

The Way the Quarrel Between These Two Hot Headed Frenchmen Began In 1794 and How It Was Continued Until Finally Settled In 1813.

The following duel story presents a striking contrast to those we are now accustomed to hear and gives us some idea of the character of those dashing beaux subreurs by whose aid Napoleon became the scourge of Europe.

In the city of Strassburg at the close of the eighteenth century soldiers of all ranks had ample opportunities of picking quarrels whenever they wished. A captain of hussars named Fournier indulged in this amusement to his heart's content and became celebrated for his aggressive temper and his address with arms. Strassburg had to reproach him for the loss of her sons, and especially for having challenged without any plausible reason a young man named Blume, whom he killed without the slightest pity.

On the very day of Blume's funeral General Moreau gave a ball, to which were invited all the members of the high bourgeoisie. It was desirable to avoid the scandalous scenes which could not fail to take place between the fellow townsmen, perhaps the relations, of the unfortunate deceased and the aggressor, who was styled his murderer. General Moreau therefore desired his aid-de-camp, Captain Dupont, to prevent Captain Fournier from entering the ballroom. Dupont stationed himself in a corner of one of the antechambers and immediately he caught sight of him accosted him abruptly.

"What are you going to do here?" "Ah, is that you, Dupont? Good evening. Parbleu! You see what I am doing. I am come to the ball."

"Are you not ashamed to come to a ball the very day of the funeral of that poor fellow Blume? What will his friends and relations say?"

"They may say what they please; it is all one to me. But I should like to ask what business that is of yours?"

"It is everybody's business. Everybody is thinking and talking about it." "Everybody is wrong, then. I don't like people to poke their noses into my affairs. And now, if you please, let me pass."

"You shall not go into the ballroom."

"Indeed! Why not?"

"You must take yourself off. The general orders you to return to your own apartments."

"Am I turned out of the house?"

Dupont shrugged his shoulders.

"Are you aware of the consequences of turning Fournier out of doors?"

"I don't want to hear any of yourrodomontades. Just have the goodness to take yourself off."

"Listen!" said Fournier in a fury. "I cannot have my revenge on the general because he is my superior officer, but you are my equal. You have presumed to take your snare in the insult, and you shall pay for the whole of it. We will fight."

"Listen in turn," said Dupont. "I have long been out of patience with you. I am disgusted with your bullying ways, and I hope to give you a lesson you will long remember."

Fournier would have gone mad with vexation had he not been consoled by the hope of killing Dupont. But the result of the combat was not what he expected, for Dupont gave him a frightful wound.

"You fence well," said Fournier as he fell.

"Not badly, as you see."

"Yes. But now I know your play. You won't catch me another time, as I will soon show you."

"You wish for another encounter?"

"Parbleu! That's a matter of course."

In fact, after a few weeks' nursing Fournier for the second time was face to face with his adversary. It was now his turn. He gave Dupont a home thrust, with the comment: "You see you hold your hand too low to parry properly. After your lunge you gave me time to stock three inches of cold iron between your ribs."

"This is only the second act," cried Dupont. "We'll come to the catastrophe as soon as possible."

At the third meeting they each received a trifling scratch. So these two fire eaters, annoyed at such a negative result, agreed to recommence the struggle until one of the two confessed himself beaten. They therefore drew up a treaty to this effect, and whenever the madmen were able to meet they fought. Their persons were marked with numerous scars, yet they continued to cut and slash at each other in most enthusiastic style. Fournier used to observe now and then, "It is really astonishing that I, who always kill my man, cannot contrive to kill that devil Dupont."

After these encounters had continued some years Dupont, now promoted to the rank of general, received orders to join the army of the Grisons. He was not expected and was trying in vain to find a lodging when he perceived a chalet, through whose windows a light was gleaming. He knocked at the door and entered. A man was writing at a bureau. He turned his head and, recognizing his visitor, said before the other could cross the threshold:

"Ah, is that you, Dupont? We will have a little sword play."

"With all my heart," said Dupont to Fournier, who chanced to be the occupant

of the chalet, and they set to work, chatting between the passes.

"I thought you were employed in the interior," said Fournier.

"The minister has promoted me to the Fourth corps."

"Vraiment! What a curious coincidence! I command the cavalry there. And so you have only just arrived? I am delighted."

At last General Dupont's sword, after piercing General Fournier's shoulder, struck the wall.

"Saprist! shouted Fournier. "You didn't expect that."

"On the contrary, directly I left my guard I knew I was caught. But 'tis you who don't expect what is going to happen."

During the little dialogue Dupont kept Fournier pinned to the wall as a naturalist would a butterfly.

"Well, what will happen?"

"The moment you stir I shall give you a thrust in the belly. You are a dead man," said Fournier.

"I shall parry your thrust."

"Impossible."

"I shall keep you pinned till you throw down your sword."

"I shall not do that. I intend to kill you."

Fortunately the noise made by the two generals was heard by some officers, who separated the combatants.

Dupont, the more reasonable of the two, sometimes thought of the absurdity of a quarrel which still went on after so many conflicts and at last decided to make an end of the matter.

One morning he called on Fournier.

"Are you come to fix a day for a match?" inquired the latter.

"Yes, but first of all let us talk a little. Listen. I intend to get married, and before doing so I should like to be done with you."

"Oh! Oh!"

"Our quarrel has now lasted for nineteen years. I do not wish to continue a style of life which my wife might consider not exactly comfortable, and therefore I am come to propose a change in the mode of the combat.

One of my friends has at Neuilly an inclosure planted with trees, surrounded by walls with two doors, one at each end. At the hour agreed we will go to the inclosure separately, armed with our two holster pistols, to take a single shot with each. We will try which can find the other, and whoever catches sight of the other shall fire."

"That's a droll idea."

"Ten o'clock on Thursday morning—will that do?"

"Agreed. Adieu till Thursday."

They were punctual at their rendezvous, and as soon as they were inside the inclosure they sought each other cautiously. They advanced slowly, cocked pistols in their hands, eye on the watch and ear all attention. At the turn of an alley they perceived each other. They threw themselves behind a couple of trees and waited.

At last Dupont resolved to act. He waved the tail of his coat just outside the tree which protected him; then he protruded his arm, drawing it back instantly. Immediately a bullet sent a large piece of the bark flying. Fournier had lost a shot.

After a time Dupont recommenced the same maneuver on the opposite side of the tree trunk without, however, drawing his adversary's fire. Then, holding his hat in his hand, he displayed it as far as the brim. In a twinkling the hat was blown away. Fortunately there was no head inside it. Fournier, therefore, had wasted his second bullet.

Dupont then sallied from his fortress and marched up to his opponent, who awaited him in the attitude of a brave man for whom there is no further hope. When Dupont was close to him he said: "I can kill you if I like—it is my right and my privilege—but I cannot fire at a human creature in cold blood. I spare your life."

"As you please."

"I spare you today, but you clearly understand that I remain the master of my own property, of which I allow you the provisional enjoyment. If ever you give me any trouble, if ever you try to pick a quarrel with me, I shall take the liberty of reminding you that I am the lawful owner of a couple of bullets specially designed to be lodged in your skull, and we will resume the affair exactly at the point where I think proper to leave it today."

So ended a duel begun in 1794 and finished in 1813.—Chambers' Journal.

### Her Ancestor.

An Australian woman of great charm and tact tells many amusing stories of the strange questions put to her by people with a thirst for information about her native land.

"It is a very common thing for me to be asked if the bushes are still thick where I live or whether our house is in a 'clearing,' she says plaintively, 'and I know they often regard my veracity as a doubtful quantity when I tell them Australia is not all 'bush' by any means. But an old lady asked me a new question one day. She evidently supposed that all the dwellers in Australia were descendants of the criminals transported to Botany Bay."

"Is it possible for the convicts to educate their children so well ordinarily? this terrible old Englishwoman asked me, surveying me through her lorgnette as I finished telling one of her friends about my school days."

"But my father was not a convict, madam," I said, with natural surprise.

"Ah," she said meditatively, "then I suppose it was your grandfather who was sent there. Of course much can be done in the third generation."

"I should have been angry if it had been worth while," the Australian adds, with admirable wisdom, "but she surveyed me so impersonally that I didn't even tell her there was actually a part of the population of my country which did not come from convict stock."

## Her Champion.

[Original.]

One evening in June, 1644, when the army of King Charles I. of England was marching to attack the parliamentary forces at Marston moor, a Cavalier riding along a country road heard the voices of women singing a Puritan hymn. As he proceeded the sounds grew nearer till at last, reaching a country home, he saw a group of women on the porch at their devotions. Riding into the grounds, he threw himself from his horse and, mounting the steps, asked for some supper. The women (there were no men present; they were all with Cromwell) paid no attention to the soldier till he had finished their evening service, when a girl of twenty invited him in and with her own hands laid a supper for him.

The Cavalier was John Hinchelwood, a younger son of a nobleman, but twenty years old, a born soldier, and knew no law save that of the army. While the girl was laying the supper he was feasting his eyes upon her. And well he might. Unlike the prevailing type of Englishwomen, she was a brunette, tall, willowy of figure, with large, lustrous eyes, while her face had the finely chiseled beauty of a cameo. When the young soldier had finished he arose from the table and said:

"Silver and gold I have none, but such as I have I give unto you."

Throwing his arms about her, he held her in a tight grip and kissed her again and again. Then, leaving her, the blood burning in her cheeks and her eyes flashing upon him in anger, he went out, mounted his horse and rode away. It was not long before he heard a horse galloping behind him and, turning, saw a boy riding toward him.

"My sister," said the boy, "sends this word to you: 'You are a coward to attack a woman, and she expects that you will return and give satisfaction to one whom she may select as her champion.'"

"Tell your sister," said the soldier, "that I am expecting a bigger fight with the King's enemies, but when it is over, if I come out alive, I will do her bidding."

A few days later Hinchelwood, wounded and exhausted with his part in the battle at Marston moor, rode up to the house of the girl he had insulted. He found her on the porch. As she looked upon him thus altered an expression of pity came into her face, and she said:

"If you will apologize, sir, for your brutal conduct you may go unpunished."

"That I will when I have put a sword hole through your champion. I'll crave your pardon on my bended knee."

"In that case he will meet you. It is now 4 o'clock. At 6 you will find my defender at the bridge half a mile up the road. He will teach you how to insult a weak woman."

"I shall be pleased to kill him that I may step into his shoes as your defender. And after I have killed him I will champion you against all comers."

The girl turned away, and Hinchelwood left the house. When the clock stood at 6 he was waiting at the bridge. So exhausted was he that he leaned against the rail for support. His wound had broken out and was bleeding afresh. Presently he saw a man coming on horseback. When he drew near, Hinchelwood noticed that he wore a helmet with the visor down.

"Are you the lady's champion?" he asked.

"I am."

"Judging from your voice, you are but a boy. Take off that old fashioned headpiece and let me see your face."

"My father fought in this armor, and I choose to do the same."

"Suppose I refuse to fight an unknown enemy?"

"One who would insult a woman would likely take that ground."

This was quite enough for Hinchelwood. He drew his sword, his enemy dismounted, and they took their positions. Hinchelwood said:

"I conclude that you, being the lady's champion, are in her favor. Being ambitious to be first in her favor myself, I shall brook no rivals."

"These are fine words, sir. We shall see whether you will make them good."

Hinchelwood made a thrust, which was clumsily parried by his opponent. Indeed, from the first it was evident that he was no swordsman. He stood continually on the defense and never made a thrust till Hinchelwood asked him if he was going to let himself be killed like a lamb. Then the unknown's sword point struck Hinchelwood in the cuirass. At that moment Hinchelwood saw the sky, the fields, his enemy, swim before him in circles, and he fell in a faint.

The stranger, throwing down his sword, uttered a cry and ran to his fallen enemy and raised his head, at the same time throwing up the visor of his own helmet. Hinchelwood opened his eyes and started. He was looking into the face of the woman he had insulted.

"I have killed you," she moaned.

"Killed me! You couldn't kill a frog. It's my wound of the battle received from a giant Roundhead. But what means this absurdity? Thank heaven I've not harmed you. Had I killed you I would have plunged my sword into my own vitals."

The girl lowered her head, tears starting from her eyes. The man raised his arms with difficulty and, winding them about her neck, drew her down and kissed her.

"For one kiss," he said, "I would fight a score of real champions, and I will fight any man who presumes to share your kisses with me."

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**INTERURBAN TIME TABLE.**

Lv. G. C. for Ind. Lv. Ind. for G. C.	
6:15 a. m. .... 6:00 a. m.	
7:15 a. m. .... 7:00 a. m.	
8:15 a. m. .... 8:00 a. m.	
9:15 a. m. .... 9:00 a. m.	
10:15 a. m. .... 10:00 a. m.	
11:15 a. m. .... 11:00 a. m.	
12:15 p. m. .... 12:00 p. m.	
1:15 p. m. .... 1:00 p. m.	
2:15 p. m. .... 2:00 p. m.	
3:15 p. m. .... 3:00 p. m.	
4:15 p. m. .... 4:00 p. m.	
5:15 p. m. .... 5:00 p. m.	
6:15 p. m. .... 6:00 p. m.	
7:15 p. m. .... 7:00 p. m.	
8:15 p. m. .... 8:00 p. m.	
9:15 p. m. .... 9:00 p. m.	
10:15 p. m. .... 10:00 p. m.	
11:15 p. m. .... 11:00 p. m.	
12:15 p. m. .... 12:00 p. m.	
* Freight trains.	

**Lv. G. C. for T. H. Lv. T. H. for G. C.**

5:41 a. m. .... 5:30 a. m.	
6:41 a. m. .... 6:30 a. m.	
7:41 a. m. .... 7:30 a. m.	
8:41 a. m. .... 8:30 a. m.	
9:41 a. m. .... 9:30 a. m.	
10:41 a. m. .... 10:30 a. m.	
11:41 a. m. .... 11:30 a. m.	
12:41 p. m. .... 12:30 p. m.	
1:41 p. m. .... 1:30 p. m.	
2:41 p. m. .... 2:30 p. m.	
3:41 p. m. .... 3:30 p. m.	
4:41 p. m. .... 4:30 p. m.	
5:41 p. m. .... 5:30 p. m.	
6:41 p. m. .... 6:30 p. m.	
7:41 p. m. .... 7:30 p. m.	
8:41 p. m. .... 8:30 p. m.	
10:41 p. m. .... 10:30 p. m.	
* Freight trains.	

To stop a train at night display a  
light.

RUPERT BARTLEY.

**Obliging D. D. D.**

By M. M. CUNNINGHAM.  
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Carman scowled as a tiny figure in brown linen scuttled across the lawn. "Up to more mischief," he growled. "Just had one spanking and getting ready for another. I hope he gets it. It's a pity I can't give it to him. He'd remember it better than the hairbrush sessions he usually has."

Daniel Davenport Dudley slipped around a corner of the carriage house, and Will Carman resumed his book. The day was far too fine for reading, but his clothes were downstairs drying out, and one of Bob Dudley's dressing gowns was scarcely an appropriate costume for outdoor exercise.

He had run down to his partner's bungalow for the day only. He had wanted to make a base of operations against Ruth Emory, who was stay-



"WON'T YOU PLEASE MARRY HIM SO I WON'T BE SPANKED?"

ling across the river at the Blessington's country place. Ruth was to leave tomorrow for Bar Harbor, and unless he spoke today there was small chance of winning her hand for another six months. Carman was no letter writer, and he could not hope to conduct an epistolary courtship.

Helen Dudley, his partner's wife, had suggested the scheme of his running down ostensibly upon business just at the time that Dudley was going away. He might go over to Blessington's for want of better occupation, and the battle would be won.

But they had not counted upon D. D. D. That ingenious six-year-old had spent the early morning in bridging with branches and sod the tiny stream that cut through the Dudley lawn. Carman had broken through the shaky bridge and had soaked himself to the knees. Mrs. Dudley had spanked D. D. D., but that did not dry damp trousers nor muddy boots, and now Carman was sitting in the guest room smoking Bob Dudley's cigars and softly cursing small boys and other fates that kept him from Miss Emory's side.

Presently he laid down the book as D. D. D. came around the corner of the carriage house again. The roof repairs had left some tar on the dirt heap, and in making up a ball of the sticky compound D. D. D. had smeared his clothes with the mess.

"Good!" commented Carman. "Now you will get spanking No. 2. Just wait until your mother sees you."

There was not long to wait. D. D. D. ran to the rear of the house, and presently a succession of wails announced that the youngster's condition had been discovered by his long suffering mother. Carman chuckled.

"Vengeance was swift, my boy. You'll wind up on the gallows yet!" Carman was not ordinarily heartless, and, as a rule, he was fond of children, but the provocation had been great.

Mrs. Dudley tapped on his door, and Carman answered.

"Do you think," she asked, "it would hurt your boots to put them in the oven to dry? We had them in the sun, but they are drying very slowly. Here are your other clothes."

Carman decided in favor of the oven; anything to hurry the process. Perhaps, after all, he might be in time. He assumed his restored clothing and shuffled down to the porch in Bob Dudley's bath slippers. Carman was a six foot giant, while Dudley was small and dapper. There was nothing in the house that would fit Carman.

On the porch he chatted with his hostess and found it more pleasant to talk of Ruth than to sit in a room by himself and brood over his lost opportunity.

D. D. D. was playing at the other end of the piazza under the maternal eye. With the prospect of a speedy return of his footgear Carman even found it possible to smile upon the youngster mildly.

Then the servant came out bearing the boots, and as she neared Carman D. D. D. made a dive for the footgear.

"I want my tar," he exclaimed. "I hid it there when Nora ran after me."

Nora dropped the boots on Carman's stockinged feet, and, with a howl of dismay and pain, the latter picked them up. It was all too true. In the right boot were the dark stains that told how well the heat of the oven had

spread the pitch. The shoes were ruined.

Mrs. Dudley was all concern, but it began to look as though all the fates were against Carman. There was not another pair of shoes about the place that approached his size. It was out of the question to send the girl to town. The chauffeur had driven the head of the house to the city and had not yet returned.

"It's all over," said Carman grimly. "I'll go to town in the morning in the auto. Until then it will have to be bath slippers for me, and I cannot very well propose in bath slippers."

"It is scarcely the costume of romance," said Mrs. Dudley.

"It is fate," he said resignedly.

"Ruth Emory will never be mine."

"Perhaps it is not as bad as that. You might write, you know," comforted Mrs. Dudley, but Carman refused to be comforted. He knew how vainly he had tried to frame a letter that would sound unlike a business communication. It was only the prospect of her leaving that had moved him to speaking. Now the chance was lost, thanks to D. D. D.

That evening Carman sat on the porch looking across the water to where the lights betrayed the Blessington's place. Mrs. Dudley had promised to call on a sick friend, and Carman would not hear of her remaining at home. It was nearly 10 when a figure stole across the grass, and Carman rose from his chair.

"Look out for the pitfall," he warned. "Don't get in the brook."

"I won't," came the cheery reply, and Carman started. It was not Mrs. Dudley, but Ruth Emory who presently emerged from the gloom of the trees to offer her slim, cool hand.

"I thought that Helen was here," she said. "I paddled over to say goodbye to her."

"She will be home presently," he said eagerly. "Won't you wait?"

Somehow, now that she was here, he had lost his courage again.

Ruth sat down and demanded an explanation of his warning, and he explained the device of D. D. D.

"And you have been cooped up here all day," she cried. "What a shame! It was a perfect day."

"Not for me," he said mournfully. "That little limb of Satan spoiled it for me."

"I ain't a limb of Satan," denied a sleepy voice from the low French window. "I am a good boy, only I am bad sometimes," he explained as he pattered out upon the piazza and climbed upon Ruth's lap. "I was bad today."

He added, "I got tar in Mr. Carman's boots, and I got spanked because he couldn't come over and ask you to marry him. Won't you please marry him, so I won't be spanked?" he added. "I was spanked three times today."

"Won't you?" asked Carman softly. "I want you so, dear! When it seemed that I had lost my opportunity I was nearly crazy. It was fate that brought you over. I am not a good pleader. Won't you let D. D. D. plead for me?"

Miss Emory's eyes grew softly bright. She, too, had been afraid that perhaps the word that would mean so much to them both would never be spoken.

"I am a member of the Children's Aid society," she said, with a low laugh. "Perhaps for the sake of D. D. D. I had better say yes."

In a moment Carman's arms were about her, and he knelt beside her chair. Mrs. Dudley's first hint that all was well was gained as she rounded the porch from D. D. D.'s sleepy voice.

"Kiss me, too," he pleaded. And Mrs. Dudley smiled and went softly to the back door lest she disturb them.

**Early Refrigeration.**

The most ancient method of making ice is practiced in parts of India. Holes are made in the ground, dry straw is put at the bottom of these, and on it at the close of the day are placed pans of water which are left until the next morning, when the ice that is found within the pans is collected. This industry is carried on only in districts where the ground is dry and will readily absorb the vapor given off from the water in the pans.

The freezing, of course, is due to the great amount of heat absorbed by the vapor in passing from its liquid to its gaseous form.

Another process was practiced in the day of ancient Rome, when the wealthy are said to have had their wines cooled by having the bottles placed in water into which saltwater was thrown, the bottles being the widely rotated.

Dr. Cullen in 1755 discovered that the evaporation of water could be facilitated by the removal of the pressure of the atmosphere and that by doing this water could be frozen.

Nalm in 1777 discovered that sulphuric acid would absorb the vapor of water if placed in a second vessel separate from that containing the water, but connected with it. This discovery he put to use in 1810 by constructing an apparatus for absorbing the vapor of the water that it was desired to cool or freeze. This apparatus greatly facilitated the freezing operations of a vacuum freezing machine.

**The Black Sea.**

The Black sea differs in a most remarkable manner from other lakes and seas. A surface current flows continually from it into the Mediterranean and an undercurrent from the Mediterranean into the Black sea. The latter current is salt and, being heavier than the fresh water above it, becomes stagnant at the bottom. Being saturated with sulphureted hydrogen, this water will not maintain life, and so the Black sea contains no living thing below the depth of about a hundred fathoms. Its area is 108,500 square miles, it is 740 miles long, and its greatest width is 330 miles.

**A Memory Test.**

A professor of mnemonics had gone to lecture at or near Canterbury. After the lecture was finished he had to wait for his London train. It was a most comfortable day, and he retired to an inn for shelter and refreshment. To pass the time he began to exhibit his feats of memory to the yokels in the inn parlor, and one and all were thunderstruck except the waiter. There is always one skeptic in every communion, whether of saints or sinners.

Do what he would he could not mitigate the acid smile of acid incredulity of that glorified potman! In the midst of one of his most difficult feats the whistle sounded of the "Only train to London tonight!" and he rushed off to catch it. He caught it at the station, and his reputation caught it in the inn parlor, for the waiter, coming in with some ordered refreshments and finding him gone, pointed to the corner where he had been sitting and exclaimed, "Silly 'unbug, he's forgot his umbrella!"—Young Man.

**Juvenile Natural History.**

"Papa," said Harry, infant phenomenon, aged nine, "will you give me my pocket money in advance? I want to buy a book on moths."

"Certainly, my boy," said the retired colonel. "Here's a shilling for you. I am delighted that you should take such an interest in natural history."

That evening all the old colonel's best friends came to dinner.

"Now is my opportunity," reflected the proud parent, "to show these people what a clever boy my son is. I shall have him in at dessert time!"

So Harry came in with the pears and pineapple, and in loud tones the gallant colonel remarked:

"Well, Harry, did you get your book on moths?"

"Yes, papa," answered his son.

"And what is it called?" pursued the delighted father.

"Oh," said the unsuspecting phenomenon, "it is entitled 'Hints to Young Moth-ers!'"—London Answers.

**Hiding His Ignorance.**

An official of the department of justice said in Washington of a rumor brought to him for confirmation by a reporter:

"This rumor springs from ignorance, crass ignorance of the law. I am surprised that you should have credited it."

"The originator of that rumor is as plainly ignorant of the law as a certain schoolboy was of French."

"This boy's father said to him one night at dinner:

"Well, how are you getting on with your French, my son?"

"Very well, thank you, sir," the lad replied.

"The father beamed with pleasure. 'Ask politely in French for some peas,' he said.

"There was an awkward pause. Then—

"But, father," said the boy, 'I don't want any peas.'"

**Meeting Old Neptune.**

An innate or Sailors' Sing Harbor in speaking of the ceremony connected with "crossing the line," when Father Neptune presides over the initiation of the men who have never crossed the equator, said:

"I got my introduction to old Neptune while I was in the merchant service. I got my father and shave and ducking thirty years ago and helped initiate many seafaring men and lads since then. With hot tar handly, Neptune's crew often took liberties which would not be allowed on board a man-of-war. The skipper used to look on from aloft, but he was blind as a bat to things that he did not wish to see, and the men knew enough to make no complaint. I know that I was mad clear through at what I got, but I contented myself with taking it out of the next man."

**Net Up to Date.**

The evidence had shown that the brick which a careless workman had dropped from a scaffolding twenty feet above the surface of the ground had fallen on a man's shoulder and broken a bone, but the jury decided that the victim had no cause of action. The falling of the brick had no necessary connection with the accident.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, "I never heard of such a verdict. You utterly ignore the existence of the law of gravitation."

"That law, your honor," answered the foreman of the jury, "is so old that we decided not to consider it. It's obsolete."—Chicago Tribune.

**The Brightness He Saw.**

A man who died recently in the north of England and had been living a dishonest life under the cloak of religion, wishing to pose as a good man to the last, said to those around him:

"All is bright before me!"

"Aye," said one of those present, "who he had swindled out of a sum of money, 'an' in about ten minutes thea'll be near enoof to see th' blaze!"—Manchester Guardian.

**Poor Critter!**

"I hear that your husband is critically ill, Mrs. Tiff?" said Mr. Gummeys.

"Yes, he is. He criticizes the doctor, and he criticizes the nurse, and he criticizes me. Oh, he's critically ill, all right."—Judge.

**Poor Soldier.**

Bill—it is said that Alexander the Great when on a campaign ate the ration of a common soldier. Bill—And did the poor soldier get nothing?—Yonkers Statesman.

**Encouragement.**

Jack—I am afraid that if I ask you to be my wife you will treat my proposal as a joke. Molly—But all jokes are not rejected, Jack.

**A Simple Romance.**

[Original.]

"Mary, I'm sorry—very sorry—to hear of your bereavement."

"Yes, m'm; the poor man's gone."

"I suppose you will wear mourning?"

"Yes, m'm; black as a crow."

"I have some mourning dresses. I'll give you what you require."

"Thank y', m'm."

"You were very happy together, I believe, though you have lately been doing all the work."

"Yes, m'm. Tom was a good man, m'm. There was—I don't know what y' call it, m'm—a somethin' or other in the courtin'."

"A romance?"

"Yes, m'm; that's it. Y' know Tummus—that's my man's name, or was his name before he didn't need a name at all—was a soldier. He went off to the war with the dagos in Cuby an' extinguished himself there."

"Did he get promoted?"

"Yes, m'm. He was made a corporal after the battle of Gussymuss an' a sergeant at San Joen hills. Y' see, the dagos was at the top firin' cannon balls. One of 'em kem along an' took off Tummus' right leg. He stood still!"

"Wounded as he was—stood?"

"That's just the secret, m'm. All the rest of his regiment run away, but Tummus, havin' but the wan leg, couldn't run, so he stayed where he was. That's what he told me, but he didn't tell it to the officers, an' they, thinkin' he stayed because he was brave, made a sergeant of 'im. But it didn't do 'im no good, for he was discharged from the service an' sent home. But that wasn't all of it. After the war they sent 'im a medal, a big round wan wid pictures on the both sides of it. It was made out of a cannon."

"And you nursed him? That's the romance?"

"No, ma'am; not exactly, ma'am. Oi didn't see 'em for the matter of five years after that. Oi was workin' in a boardin' house for sailors an' 'im thinkin' down by the wharfs. One mornin' when Oi was doin' the rooms Oi went into wan room where Oi seen some thin' stickin' out o' the bedclothes. At first Oi thought it was the handle of a warm'n' pan, but Oi recomembered that they don't use warm'n' pans no more, at least in this country. Thin' Oi thought it might be the handle o' wan o' them things the min' workin' on the sthreet pound the dirt with. We had sthreet workers in the house, an' Oi thought one of 'em might have taken his poulder to bed with 'im. Annyway Oi knew it was somethin' that 'ud be solin' the bedclothes, an' Oi was very mad, thinkin' Oi'd have the trouble o' goin' for clean sheets. So I took hold of it an' give it a jerk wid all me stren'th."

"It come out aisy enough, an' at 'other ind there wasn't a bit o' iron at all, but somethin' round. If you turned the whole ov it upside down it would 'a' made a good stick for wan o' the big altar candles if you wanted to put the other ind o' the stick in the ground, for there wasn't anny bottom for it to stand on. Oi was lookin' at the thing, wonderin' what it was, when Oi saw the bedclothes movin', an' purty soon up by the pillars a man's face was a-blinkin' at me as had just woke up. Oi dropped the wooden thing on the floor an' was goin' out as fast as I could when a voice called:

"Me leg! Don't go 'way widout giv' in' me me leg."

"What d'y' mane?" Oi axed.

"He pointed to the wooden thing on the floor."

"D'y' call that a leg?" I axed 'im.

"It's all I've got exceptin' the other wan of flesh an' blood an' bone."

"And that thing was stickin' out from under the bedclothes is your leg?"

"It's wan of 'em."

"An' didn't it git cold?"

"Divil a bit. It'll stand a lot o' cold, but it won't stand anny heat."

"Why not?"

"It'll burn."

"Thin' I took notice that he was white lookin', an' I axed 'im if Oi'd hurted 'em."

"Shure," he said. 'D'y' suppose y' kin pull a man's leg off widout hurtin' 'im?"

"Isn't it wood?" I axed.

"Yes, but the stump isn't."

"Well, Oi felt so sorry for hurtin' the poor man that Oi told 'im to lie still, an' after handin' 'im his leg Oi wint down sthairs an' brought 'im up wid pillows that Oi put under his head an' lookin' at me grateful loike, Thin' Oi noticed his medal on the bureau an' saw what foine eyes he had an' hair as red as the sthripes in the flag he got the medal under, an' I wished I could nurse the poor man as long as he lived."

"And you did, didn't you?"

"Yes, m'm. He couldn't work, so Oi just told 'im Oi'd do it all for the two of us. But he didn't consint to that. He got a job mindin' the sthreet at the railroad crossin', an' I tuk in washin', so betune the two of us we made a livin'."

"You've told me a real romance, Mary; not such a one as I read in books, but a nugget of gold without a bit of alloy. Come to me tomorrow and you shall have clothing enough to keep you a year. There is somethin' for your present necessities."

"Thank y', m'm. There's wan thing Oi've always wondered at—was Tom lyin' when he said the reason he couldn't?"

"No; he was modest as well as brave."

F. A. MITCHEL.

**Warden's Home-Made BREAD****New England Bakery**

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**Greencastle ICE**

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## LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

## What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Lucile Gildewell is improving. Simpson Hirt was in Indianapolis today.

Earl Hurst is home for a visit with his family.

Mr. H. Van Gorder is transacting business in Indianapolis.

Judge P. O. Collier was here from Terre Haute today.

Miss Mabel Cooper has been visiting relatives in Fincastle.

Dolph Johnson is here from Parke county visiting S. T. Lockridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lucas will entertain at 6 o'clock dinner tonight.

Mrs. Jessie Greene and Nellie Moore spent the day in Indianapolis.

Mrs. J. D. O'Rear and Ralph O'Rear, of Quincy are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred O'Rear.

H. M. Randel, was called to Lebanon this morning by the illness of his sister, Mrs. McCoy.

William Todd, who has been visiting J. O. Graham, has returned to his home in Crawfordsville.

Miss Grace Ford, went to her home in Bainbridge this evening to attend the skating rink party.

Miss Mable Stoner returned today from Hillsdale, where she has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Omer Newhouse.

Miss Mae Peregrine, superintendent of the Wesley hospital of Chicago, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Peregrine.

E. M. Hall has resumed his position, as deliveryman at Zeis store, after a few days absence, on the account of illness.

Putnam Lodge, No. 45 will meet in their lodge room tonight and give work in the 1st and 3rd degrees. All visitors are welcome.

W. F. Jamelson, went to Crawfordsville this morning looking after interest of the construction work, connected with Ratcliff Brothers.

Committees of the I. O. O. F. Lodge, from various points of the county, will hold a special meeting in the Greencastle lodge room next Tuesday evening for the purpose of making preparations for holding a district convention and other matters pertaining thereto.

A. B. Bowman spent the day in Roachdale.

George Pearce, of near Roachdale, was in the city today.

John Wilson, of Terre Haute, was in the city this morning.

T. J. Leehey, was a Monon passenger north this morning.

Frank Hargrave, returned from Crawfordsville, this morning.

James Vermilion made a business trip to Indianapolis this morning.

T. F. Monks, of Chicago, was in the city transacting business today.

J. R. Johnson, of Mansfield is here the guest, of S. F. Lockridge and other friends.

A. H. Miller, of Indianapolis, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Cline on north Indiana street.

Mrs. Lucy Shinn and daughter, Mary, of Bainbridge, were in the city shopping this morning.

Bruce Shannon, of Hoopston, Ill; who has been visiting friends in the city, has left for New York.

Miss Trella Erwin is here from Cataract as the guest of Mrs. Frank Adams on north Jackson street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charley Kelly went to Indianapolis yesterday evening and saw Robert Mantell in Macbeth, at English's.

Mrs. E. Clark, of Louisville, Ky., was called to the bed side of her daughter, Mrs. J. E. McAmy, who is seriously sick.

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Sam McCoy has entered business college at Indianapolis.

William R. Bennett will give an entertainment at Cloverdale tomorrow night.

The Ladies Aid Society of Limestone will give a progressive Valentine entertainment on Friday evening of this week.

The Mt. Olive Foreign Missionary society will meet with Mrs. Albert Landes at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon, of this week.

Miss Sue Terry has sold her property on Manhattan street to Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Harrold. The latter will occupy the same next month.

Miss Anna O'Brien has gone to Indianapolis to work in one of the wholesale millinery houses until the spring opening. She left this morning.

Mrs. Josephine Lewis went to Indianapolis this afternoon. Mrs. Lewis has been in poor health for several weeks and is taking treatment in Indianapolis.

The death of William Lady occurred at his home in Keightley town this morning of meningitis. The funeral was this afternoon. Mr. Lady was 66 years old.

William Lady, of Keightley town, died at his home this morning, at 1:30 o'clock of acute peritonitis. Short services were held at 3:30 this afternoon at the home. Rev. Ray officiated. Interment in Forest Hill cemetery.

Bruce Richardson, of Hamrick Station, ran a butcher knife through his left hand, cutting the end of the third finger off, this morning. The injury was a very painful one and the attention of a physician was necessary.

An interurban car got off the track at the switch at the station here at near 8 o'clock last night and it was two hours before the car was back in its place. The 8 o'clock west bound car was tied up for nearly two hours by the accident.

S. A. Hazelett is in receipt of a letter from his son, Earl, now engaged in railway construction work in Old Mexico. Mr. Hazelett states that the panic has been felt in the southwest and in Mexico. The road is being pushed toward the copper mines at the rate of some five miles a day, but the mines are closed, and money everywhere is scarce. Mr. Hazelett reports himself in excellent health.

Some German Composers.

In answer to a correspondent "Menestrel" gives a list showing the "creativity" of some German composers. Franz Abt, according to the figures published, "created" 2,610 compositions, of which 1,079 were choruses, 106 duets and 1,134 songs. Johann Sebastian Bach is credited with 1,102 compositions, of which 225 were for the organ and 611 were choruses. Beethoven's compositions are placed at 439; Brahms, 538; Handel, 397; Haydn, 575; Liszt, 955; Mozart, when he was thirty-five years old, had written 626 compositions; Raff, 610; Rubinstein, 550; Schubert, thirty-one years old, 791; Schumann, forty-six years old, 671. When we except Czerny and Diabelli, who wrote for pedagogical purposes, Mozart and Schubert rank highest for prolific work. The statistician did not consider in his list the compositions intended for the stage.

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A Chemistry Club was organized

last Friday night at the home of Dr. Blanchard, by his students majoring in his department. Everett Egan was elected president, and Miss McGreggor, secretary and treasurer.

The executive committee is composed of the officers and the head of the department. A constitution was prepared and ratified, in which the regular meeting night was set as the first Friday night in each month, at which programs are to be rendered.

The DePauw Glee Club will give an afternoon concert in the Reform School and an evening entertainment in the High School at Plainfield, Friday, February 21. Arrangements have also been made whereby the club will appear in the First Presbyterian Church at Terre Haute, Friday, March 6. The work of arranging the spring trip is about completed and the schedule of some ten or twelve dates in Northern Indiana will be announced within the next few days.

Several of the schools of the state, represented in the Oratorical Association, have expressed their dissatisfaction with the outcome of the contest last week. Franklin students were greatly surprised at Miss Lewis receiving last place, when they thought she would be among the best. President Bryan of Franklin, expressed himself as being in favor of the retirement of his school from the State Association, and having only class and interclass oratoricals. He said that all the people conceded Jewett first place, as he had fairly won it. In an interview he said that DePauw's representative was away ahead of all the others, and especially the man who was awarded first honors.

One System That Won.

"He who breaks the bank today will be broken by the bank tomorrow," was a favorite saying of M. Blanc, founder of the casino at Monte Carlo. There have been many systems that were called infallible invented for the purpose of breaking the bank from the D'Alembert to the Rosslyn and Labouchere, but only one of them all has ever given the keepers of the bank a moment's real anxiety. This was the discovery of a keen eyed old lady who observed that if the croupier spun with certain numbers opposite him certain other numbers inevitably won. As a matter of fact, it was all very simple. The roulette wheel had become warped and was not quite round and thus invariably stuck at easily ascertainable figures. This little discovery put 300,000 francs into the pockets of the old lady and her accomplices before M. Blanc bought the secret for 70,000 francs.—Westminster Gazette.

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## OBITUARY.

Harris Allen Conklin, little son of Will and Claudia Conklin was born Oct. 15, 1907. He departed this life at 1:20 o'clock Feb. 4, 1908, aged 3 months and 20 days.

Reaper whose name is death And with his sickle keen He reaps the bearded grain at a breath And the flower that grows between.

Shall I have naught that is fair? saith he. Have naught but the bearded grain? Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me I will give them all back again.

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes, He kissed their drooping leaves, It was for the Lord of Paradise He bound them in his sheaves.

My Lord has need of these flower-lets gay The reaper said and smiled Dear token of the earth are they Where he was once a child.

They shall all bloom in fields of light Transplanted by my care, And saints upon their garments white These sacred blossoms wear.

And the mother gave in tears and pain The flower she most did love. She knew she would find them all again In the fields of light above.

O not in cruelty, not in wrath The reaper came that day Twas an angel that visited the green earth And took the flower away.

Thus in the very sunrise of the day his little life has gone out. Hardly had the bud begun to swell when the great Gardener walking among his flowers plucked this one and a vacant place is left to be filled only with the sweet thought that he has been transplanted from fields earthly to fields bathed in eternal sunshine of the smiles of Him who said "Suffer little children to come unto me, and could we with his sorrowing parents be blessed with but a measure of divine in sight see him in the arm of Jesus clothed in the morning light free from every pain divorced forever from suffering and sorrow, we would look up through blinding tears and say, "Thy will, O God, Be Done."

## LONG BRANCH.

James Dillinger and wife spent a few days last week with relatives at Indianapolis.

Junie Wright is on the sick list—pneumonia.

The people living on Snake Creek are erecting a new telephone line to connect with the Lena exchange.

B. S. Wright had a frightful encounter with a horse recently. He was taking the bridle off the animal when from some unknown cause it struck him a terrific blow on his nose with its head almost breaking the olfactory member and rendering him partially unconscious for some time. In the fall which followed his shoulder was so badly injured that he could scarcely use his arm for several days.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Smyth on Wednesday, February 5, a daughter.

The recent floods were attended with the usual number of casualties. Marion Wright, who had gone to Lena to attend his singing school could not return. Robert Irwin, who teaches at number ten, and also a number of his pupils could not return home

## Here's Something Good Fresh and Green

Cucumbers Turnips Lettuce Parsnips Carrots Radishes Grape Fruit Florida and Navel Oranges Lemons Bananas Fresh Oysters—selects